

PS 3505  
.H24 B7  
1916  
Copy 1

THE BROAD WAY  
AND  
OTHER POEMS ON THE GREAT WAR  
BY  
HENRY HARMON CHAMBERLIN



NANTUCKET  
August 1916







THE BROAD WAY  
AND  
OTHER POEMS ON THE GREAT WAR

BY  
HENRY HARMON CHAMBERLIN



NANTUCKET  
August 1916

TO ALL TRUE AMERICANS

SEP 25 1916

©1448545

## CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
The Broad Way .....	7-9
God and the Kaiser .....	10-12
Arcades Ambo .....	13
Sunset .....	14
The Price .....	15
To Germany .....	16
To Wilhelm II .....	17
Birds of Empire .....	18-19
For England .....	20-21
To a Friend .....	22-23
The Brave O'Leary .....	24-28
Envoy .....	29





## THE BROAD WAY.

*“Wide is the gate and broad is the  
way that leadeth to destruction.”*

Where are you going,  
Germany, Germany?

Where are you going,  
Your foe to slay?

“Against the world  
My flag’s unfurled  
And my armies are hurled,  
On this, my day.”

Who are these with you,  
Germany, Germany,  
Blood on their hands,  
With the dust dyed brown?

“I march with my sons  
To the thunder of guns;  
You may call us Huns,  
But we mow you down.”

What of the smoke,  
Germany, Germany,  
Rising thick  
Along the sky?  
“Termonde, Louvain,  
Homes of the slain,  
They blazed on the plain,  
When we passed by.”

What of this wailing,  
Germany, Germany,  
Woeful wailing  
O'er ruined lands ?  
"Women's wild noise  
For ravished joys ;  
And girls and boys  
With severed hands."

What of this hurrying,  
Germany, Germany,  
Poor folk hastening  
Everywhere ?  
"Whenever we passed,  
We scattered them fast,  
Like leaves on the blast,  
When the trees are bare."

What of your future,  
Germany, Germany,  
What new lands  
To overwhelm ?  
"The world I brave  
O'er land and wave,  
To make it my grave,  
Or else my realm."

Have you no mercy,  
Germany, Germany,  
No least mercy  
For these undone ?

“Let poor men rot;  
My wrath is hot ;  
Mine eagles blot  
The shuddering sun.”

What of your honor,  
Germany, Germany?  
What says Rumor  
Of your good name?  
“My hate is gory ;  
And dark my story ;  
For I call glory  
What ye call shame.”

What of the Lord,  
Germany, Germany?  
Fear you not  
His chastening rod?  
“Some preachers tell  
Of the Devil in Hell;  
I worship him well,  
Mine only God.”

Worcester,  
November, 1914.

## GOD AND THE KAISER.

The Kaiser in his balcony, he talks from dawn  
till dark  
To flushed, expectant multitudes who harken in  
the park,  
How 'tis war, red war, for a place in the sun  
For his God and his Zeppelin and big Krupp  
gun.

The Kaiser 'mid his myrmidons cries out from  
morn till night,  
How all his foes are always wrong and he is al-  
ways right;  
How they fight for the right and his God will be  
true  
To the Prussians and the Austrians, whatever  
they may do.

They may steal the land in Posen, tilled by the  
Polack spade;  
They may sabre Alsace cripples for smiling at  
parade;  
They may slaughter folk in Belgium, where his  
armies violate  
The words his sires have sworn to for every  
neutral state.

They may shoot the farmer in the ditch and  
burn the village down;  
They may ravish all the women for their over-  
lord's renown;  
Nothing's wrong for the strong; and his God is  
on his side,  
Who even honest decency may therefore over-  
ride.

Arise, arise! beneath the skies too long this ty-  
rant brags!  
Ravage his lands from Baltic sands and Monte-  
negrin craigs!  
O advance, gallant France! and scatter his fell  
powers,  
And wave once more the tricolor from Strass-  
burg's sacred towers.

And England, thou, whose realm is now world's  
freedom and the sea,  
Behold, once more, on Flemish shore, there's  
stern, sad work for thee!  
For the Lord and His word, thou must smite  
with thy rod  
The bloody, treacherous idol whom the Kaiser  
calls his God.

O Thou great Power, who at this hour, still in  
the heart of man  
In silent justice of Thy love, dost work Thine  
holy plan,  
When all his pride is cast aside in everlasting  
shame,  
Have mercy even on this poor fool who doth  
blaspheme Thy name.

Nantucket,  
August, 1914.

## ARCADES AMBO

*(On the Turco-German Alliance)*

Comrades both in vice and crime,  
Deeds too vile for decent rhyme,  
For the worst  
Of wars accurst,  
Well you chose your trysting time!

You who piled with heaps of slain  
Kurdish mount and Syrian plain,  
Gloating o'er  
Seas of gore,  
And you, black vulture of Louvain!

Shall you clasp victorious hands,  
Reeking over bleeding lands,  
Battle scarred,  
Pillage marred,  
Where your trophied Murder stands?

No! it cannot, shall not be!  
For your doom on land and sea,  
Truth shall fight  
And God's might  
And His love that sets men free.

As for you and your renown,  
Horsetail and imperial crown,  
They shall go  
Fast or slow,  
Both alike in ruin down.

Worcester,  
February, 1915.

## SUNSET

Behold the sun, above the misty sea  
Is whelmed, as in his blood. Black clouds on high  
With brand of lightening cleave the lowering sky,  
Save where the western wave glows mournfully !  
O Lord of Day and tranquil harvestry  
And fruitful love ! Thy dreams of peace must die ;  
Over the western world thy beams go by ;  
And cliff and headland bid goodnight to thee !

Alas, in this vast war must all things fair  
Perish at once, where Death reaps everywhere  
His ghastly harvest o'er ten million graves !  
Honor and Faith, Virtue and fair Renown  
And Love and Hope, moaning in blood, go down  
And night shuts in, over the storm-tossed waters.

Nantucket,  
August, 1914.



## THE PRICE

Not only mourn the brave who died at morn,  
    Who struck their blow and perished in their pride,  
    But mourn the future lives who also died,  
Vain hopes of generations yet unborn.  
Nor mourn the stricken children bayonet torn,  
    Shell driven o'er the blazing countryside;  
    But mourn Man's twilight and his eventide,  
And Brotherhood betrayed, and Faith foresworn.

Yea, chiefly mourn the most heartrending cost.  
    Two thousand years' slow progress spent and lost,  
    This goodly oak cut down as by a sword.  
Brother of Death, Sin's crowned and armed birth,  
How long shall this new Anarch reign on earth,  
    Unsmitten of Thy thunderbolt, O Lord?

Nantucket,  
    August, 1914.

## TO GERMANY AND HER APOLOGISTS

You say that Russia lit the flames of war ;  
And England's envy kindled it ; and then  
Torn Belgian started it ; and yet again  
France, for her vengeance 'gainst your rising star.  
But God, who watches from clear skies afar  
The tribulation of the sons of men,  
The damning truth must come within his ken.  
He knows you for the miscreants that you are.

Twice did the nations beg that your ally,  
The Hapsburg Eagle, let her prey go by,  
Till the world's judgment made her grievance plain ;  
And ye have twice refused ; and blood ye spilt  
With solemn counsel of deliberate guilt,  
Yours be the brand, and yours the curse of Cain !

Worcester,  
December, 1914.

## TO WILHELM II

Marplot of war, Knight of the tarnished mail !

    You say the sword was thrust into your hand ;

    'Twas Belgium's blame, you trod across her land ;

And English guile would now your fame assail.

Against God's word, how shall your lies prevail ?

    Your honor's torn to rags at His command ;

    Mercy and Justice long have fled your land ;

And even your brute force at last must fail.

In trumpet tones beyond the cannon's roar,

The Truth proclaims you false forevermore.

    Behold the blazing script upon the wall,

Ye who the damned orgy sit beside,

A new Belshazzar, drunken in your pride,

    Needing no Daniel to foretell your fall!

Worcester,

February, 1914.

## BIRDS OF EMPIRE.

O Frederick Barbarossa,  
Wake, you are needed now !  
The Fatherland's in danger ;  
The ravens leave the howe.

They drive against the stormwind,  
Toward Ypres' misty plain ;  
Afar they scent the carnage—  
The heaps of German slain.

O'er Dixmude's smouldering ruins  
They raise their baneful cry,  
Where Prussia's fated thousands  
In bloody harvest lie.

O'er Polish bogs and marshes,  
By Warta's crimson stream,  
O'er broken guns and eagles,  
Loud, loud the ravens scream.

In the Vosges, the frozen passes,  
In the Argonne forest froze,  
They croak the German dirges  
For an empire lost once more.

O Frederick Barbarossa,  
You slumbered all too long !  
Your sons forgot their knighthood,  
And dreamed a rule of wrong.

They spurned the ermined mantle  
Of Justice, Truth and Right;  
For crown and consecration  
They sought the Prince of Night.

Hark, how the circling ravens  
Scream o'er their murdering hordes,  
Foreboding fresh disaster  
For their dishonored swords!

In vain they rage and ruin,  
Pillage and sack in vain;  
For the ravens wheel above them  
And gorge upon their slain.

Yea, in the fields of Europe,  
Where shadowy Twilight gropes,  
They glut them on the heart's blood  
Of slaughtered German hopes.

Worcester,  
November, 1914.

## FOR ENGLAND

*(To Certain American Merchants.)*

Ye who for Germany's gain  
Would break the British fleet,  
And sell your copper and wheat  
For a price beyond trade's laws,  
Would you add your country's pain  
To Europe's infinite woes;  
And fight for Tyranny's cause,  
And join old England's foes?

For this did the Serbs advance  
To win the war-plowed field;  
Or stricken Poland yield  
Her towns to the Teuton twice;  
Or the beautiful Land of France  
To the trenches her heroes speed—  
That ye might gain your price?  
For this did Belgium bleed?

England, Liberty's peer,  
Would you be false to her?  
Gains't her now would you stir  
Who fights your battles today?  
For all you hold most dear  
Her brave battalions go  
Into the thick of the fray,  
To combat a bestial foe.

Would you allow her to fall  
Under the tyrant's guns,  
She who gave to your sons

Liberty 'ere you were born?  
Bountiful mother of all  
    The prosperous ways of peace,  
Help her fight on till the morn,  
    When the night of horror shall cease !

England, England, my own !  
    For you and your bleeding friends,  
    Justice finally sends  
Tidings of victory sure.  
On the ocean winds they are blown  
    Forth to the battle for you ;  
And Freedom still shall endure ;  
    And God to your cause is true.

Worcester,  
    February, 1915.

## TO A FRIEND

WHO SENT ME FOR CHRISTMAS A BASKET OF PINE  
CONES, WITH THE WISH THAT THEIR BALSAM  
MIGHT SERVE AS A REMINDER OF SPRING.

Your blazing cones my study fill  
With fragrance of departed Spring !  
But Winter reigns and prospers still,  
And Carnage droops no failing wing.

If we must play the craven's part,  
And welcome vultures to our shore,  
Oh ! how can I feel joy at heart,  
Even if the grass grows green once more ?

Far from our woods my thoughts must go,  
Where the devoted millions spend  
Their life blood mid the driving snow,  
For Freedom, we will not defend.

We see them welter in their blood !  
We may not answer to their call !  
We fondly boast that ocean flood  
Will keep our gold and save us all.

Alas ! Dishonor comes to flout  
Our pleasant dreams of ocean tide,  
No storm winds ever shut her out ;  
No howling waves her paths divide.



Think ye to raise up Freedom's goal  
In some sequestered ocean grot?  
She dwells within the hero's soul;  
And fools and cowards know her not.

Oh! how can I one moment pause  
To trace your friendship in the flame,  
When heroes fight in Freedom's cause,  
And we alone must feel the shame?

Christmas Day, 1915.

## THE BRAVE O'LEARY

Lance Corporal (now Sergeant) Michael O'Leary, of the 1st battalion, Irish Guards, won his V. C. for conspicuous bravery at Cuinchy, on February 1, 1915. When forming one of the storming party which advanced against the enemy's barricades, he rushed to the front and himself killed five Germans who were holding the first barricade, after which he attacked the second barricade, about sixty yards further on, which he captured after killing three of the enemy and making prisoners of two more. Thus, he prevented the rest of the attacking party from being fired upon.

(Official Record. )

Drink to Coporil Michael O'Leary !  
Drink to Erin beyond the Foam !  
Here's to our hero, Michael O'Leary !  
Here's the coleen he left at home!

O Michael O'Leary,  
Your chest is hairy !  
And here's to your health for many a day !  
For the Germans in France,  
Ye gin 'em a dance  
Beyond the salt wather at La Bassee.

Whin morning broke,  
The wurrd was spoke  
For ter charge the Bosche in the brickfield there ;  
An' the gray-bellied Huns  
Had wan o' their guns  
And a full attindance for morning prayer.

We charged in a run,  
Each son of a gun  
And the shrapnel shrieked and stormed in our ears !  
On, on we come,  
Exceptin' some  
Who fell in the bloom of their foine young years !

Ye gin 'em a yell,  
An' we dropped like Hell;  
We was blinded an' stifled an' sore distressed;  
But O'Leary ran  
Like a crazy man,  
An' his feet wint faster than all the rest.

He come to the first  
Dutch trench athirst  
Fer to have some fun wid thim Germans at last.  
His feet was crazy,  
Though far from lazy;  
But his moind was keen as the winthry blast.

Foive Bosche peered 'round  
Above the ground,  
The smoke was enough to make thim blind.  
O'Leary stopped  
In his tracks, an' dropped,  
Wid the company thirtty yards behind.

The big gun stuck  
In the mire and muck,  
The Germans turned intirely green;  
They tugged, an' sweat,  
An' they swore, you bet,  
Whin they tried to slew round the damned ould machine.

Before they could slew  
For ter aim her true,  
An' woipe our company out wid their ball,  
O'Leary took aim  
At the Proosian game,  
An' shot thim all down; to Hell wid thim all!

Before the byes  
Could clear their eyes,  
An' hurry forn'st, for ter capture the gun,  
He come to the fince  
Of the second trinch,  
An' shot three more, before they run.

There wint up a cheer  
From the mix-up theer,  
That chased the lingering shades of night,  
An' the smoke an' the rack  
Was all rolled back,  
And over the brickyards gleamed the light.

The walls was marred  
Wid shot, an' charred;  
They cracked an' fell from overhead;  
The crumbled brick  
Was scattered thick,  
And over it all, the poor, torn dead.

But Michael agin  
To the trinch an' the min  
Wid a Proosian prisoner on ayther side,  
He marched along  
In the sunlight strong,  
As debonnaire as a maiden bride.

O drink to Corporil Michael O'Leary !  
Here's the coleen who yearns afar !  
Here's to her hero, Michael O'Leary !  
Here's to our sweetheart, Erin Go Bragh !

The Teutons tell  
How we should sell  
Our honor to thim, but I say, "Not much!"  
Whin Freedom comes  
To the sound of the drums,  
One Irish is akel to tin of thim Dutch.

They talk very strong  
Of Ireland's wrong ;  
But they done up Poland an' Belgium brown.  
Oh! I tell ye right,  
Whin it comes to a fight,  
The Irish gits up an' the Dutch goes down !

Some traitors an' fools  
May kick like mules ;  
But the Imerald Isle is tried an' true ;  
We stand together  
In stormy weather ;  
An' we are goin' to pull the ould Impire through.

Then here's to O'Leary,  
The crame of the dairy ;  
An' here's to all good Irishmin !  
May they fast or slow  
To Potsdam go ;  
An' shoot the ould slob at his house in Berlin !

Thin drink to Coporil Michael O'Leary,  
The heart in his breast, the moind in his dome  
Whin they hear of the deeds of Michael O'Leary,  
They won't talk timperance there at home !

Drink to Corporil Michael O'Leary !  
Here's the coleen by the fire alone,  
Waitin' her hero, Michael O'Leary,  
Ireland's pride and England's own !

Worcester,  
February, 1915.

## ENVOY

### *TO THE ALLIES*

Soldiers of Freedom! valiant hearts and strong!  
Who fought the fight through dark and dubious days,  
'Till broken was the tyrant's rule of wrong,  
What words can tell the glory of your praise?

Ye braved the peril; we but share the gain;  
Blood of your sons our liberties renewed;  
But we the sacred privilege maintain,  
To crown your sacrifice with gratitude.

Nantucket,  
July, 1916.



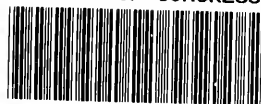








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 603 775 3